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Five favourite songs

Glasgow

[18--]

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FIVE Favourite Songs.

THE GOLDEN GLOVE.

THE ANSWER.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

THE CHOUGH AND CROW.

NOW YE'RE FAR AWA', LOVE.



GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

SONGS.

THE GOLDEN GLOVE.

A wealthy young 'squire of Tamworth we hear,
He courted a nobleman's daughter so fair ;
And for to marry her it was his intent,
All friends and relations had given their consent.

The time was appointed for the wedding-day,
A young farmer was chosen the father to be ;
As soon as the lady the farmer did spy,
It flamed her heart, O my heart, she did cry.

She turned from the 'squire, nothing she said,
Instead of being married she went to her bed,
The thoughts of the farmer still run in her mind,
The way for to have him she soon then did find.

Coat, waistcoat, and breeches she then did put on,
And a-hunting she went with her dog and her gun ;
She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell,
Because in her heart she lov'd him so well.

She oftentimes fired, but nothing she killed,
At length the young farmer came into the field ;

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Then for to talk with him it was her intent,
With her dog and gun to meet him she went

I thought you had been at the wedding, she cry'd,
To wait on the 'squire to give him his bride ;
No, sir, said the farmer, if the truth I may tell,
I'll not give her away, for I love her too well.

Suppose that the lady should grant you her love,
You know that the 'squire your rival will prove ;
O then, says the farmer, I'll take sword in hand,
By honour I'll gain her, or my life's at command.

It pleased the lady to hear him so bold,
And she gave him a glove that was flower'd with gold,
She told him she found it in coming along,
As she was a-hunting with her dog and her gun.

The lady went home with her heart full of love,
And she gave out a speech she had lost her glove ;
And the man that does find it and bring it to me,
The man that does find it, his bride I shall be.

The farmer was pleased when he heard the news—
With a heart full of joy to his lady he goes ;
Dear honoured lady, I've pick'd up your glove,
If you will be pleased to grant me your love.

It is already granted, I will be your bride,
I love the sweet breath of a farmer, she cry'd ;
I'll be mistress of the dairy and milking the cows,
While my jolly brisk farmer is whistling at plows.

THE ANSWER.

The 'squire he returned in a furious mood,
Swearing to be revenged in the farmer's blood ;
But fortune to the farmer proving more kind,
Disappointed the 'squire of his cruel design.

The 'squire and farmer by chance did meet,
Says the 'squire to the farmer, you are indiscreet
For taking from me my lovely sweet bride ;
You shall either fight me, or die by my side.

With all my whole heart, the farmer did cry,
To fight for my jewel I'll never deny ;
So to work with vigour they instantly went,
But the 'squire yielding, gave the farmer content.

And now they are married in great splendour we hear,
The farmer possesses nine thousand a-year ;
With his beautiful lady, and likewise his hall,
He has men and maid-servants, and all at his call.

Here's a health to plough-boys, the lady did cry,
That I'm wed to a ploughman I'll never deny,
Because they are men of honour, and that we are sure,
And also do labour for both rich and poor.

After the wedding she told of the fun,
How she hunted the farmer with a dog and gun ;
But now I have caught him so fast in my snare,
I'll enjoy him for ever, I vow and declare.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

It fell upon a Martinmas time,
 And a gay time it was then,
 When our goodwife got puddings to make,
 And she boil'd them in a pan.

The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
 And blew into the floor,
 Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,
 Get up and bar the door.

My hand is in my hussy's skap,
 Goodman as you may see,
 An' it should na be barr'd this hundred year,
 It's no be barr'd for me.

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
 They made it firm and sure,
 That the first word whae'er should speak,
 Should rise and bar the door

Then by there came twa gentlemen,
 At twelve o'clock at night,
 And they could neither see house nor hall,
 Nor coal nor candle light.

Now, whether is this a rich man's house?
 Or whether is it a poor?
 But ne'er a word would ane o' them speak,
 For barring of the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,
 And then they ate the black;
 Tho' muckle thought the goodwife to hersel',
 Yet ne'er a word she spak'.

Then said the one unto the other,
 Here man, take my knife,
 Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,
 And I'll kiss the goodwife.

But there's nae water in the house,
 And what shall we do then?
 What ails you at the pudding bree
 That boils into the pan?

O up then started our goodman,
 An angry man was he;
 Will ye kiss my wife before my face,
 And scad me wi' pudding bree?

Then up then started our goodwife,
 Gi'ed three skips on the floor;
 Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word,
 Get up and bar the door.

NOW YE'RE FAR AWA', LOVE.

Oh! now ye're far awa', love,
 Ye're far awa' frae me,
 O'er woodland glens, and rocky dens.
 And o'er the raging sea.

I stand upon the rocky shore,
 The rocky hills behind,
 I spy the distant ship afar,
 That's driven with the wind.

I see the waves around her rise,
 Ten thousand billows roar;
 The foaming surges lash the skies
 Behind her and before.
 Unto the winds I gave a sigh,
 Unto the waves a tear;
 Up to the skies I send my cry,
 O for my dearest dear.

Kind Providence, oh! hear my voice,
 Oh, wilt thou her life save?
 Oh, keep her from the sunken rocks,
 And from a watery grave.
 For, though she's borne awa' frae me,
 Across the raging main,
 Our hapless loves may yet revive,
 Were we to meet again.

THE CHOUGH AND CROW.

The chough and crow to roost are gone,
 The owl sits on the tree,
 The hush'd wind wails with feeble moan,
 Like infant charity.

The wild fire dances on the fen,
 The red star sheds its ray,
 Up-rouse ye then, my merry men,
 It is our opening day.

Both child and nurse is fast asleep,
 And closed is every flower,
 And winking tapers faintly peep,
 High from my lady's bower;
 Bewildered hinds with shortening ken,
 Shrink on their murky way;
 Up-rouse ye then, my merry men,
 It is our opening day.

Nor board nor garner own we now,
 Nor roof nor latched door,
 Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow,
 To bless a good man's store.
 Noon hurls us in a gloomy den,
 And night has grown our day;
 Up-rouse ye then, my merry men,
 And use it as ye may.